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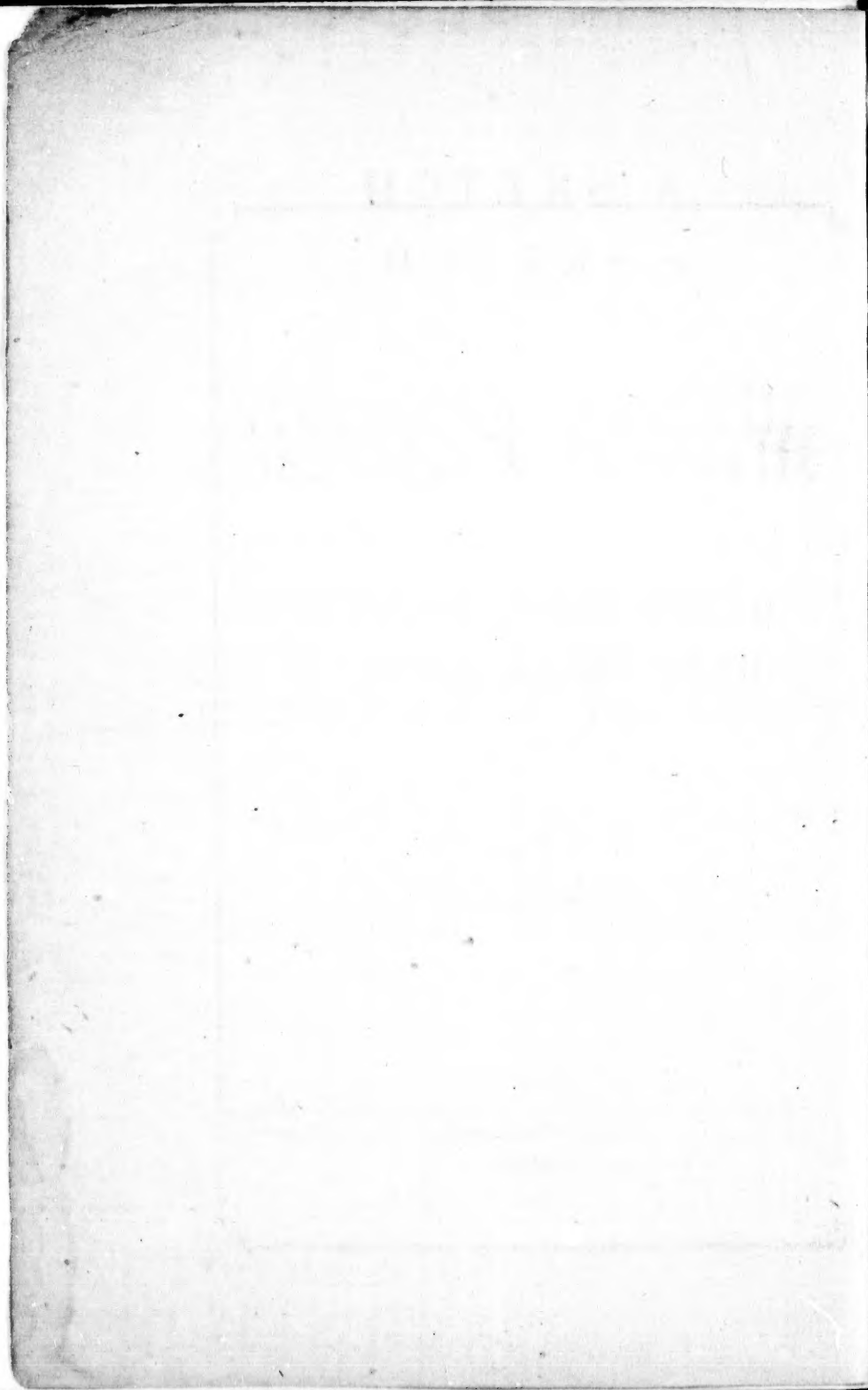
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OF THE
Montreal Celebration
OF THE
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
OF CANADA.

BY
W. B. SULLIVAN,
TORONTO.

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TO THE READER.

The following hurried sketch was delivered, as an Essay, before the Toronto Literary and Debating Society, and published in the Toronto Leader, of the 8th December, by a resolution of the Society.

The encouragement of a few friends, and the absence of any description of the Montreal Celebration, of a similar nature, have led the writer to perpetuate it in Pamphlet Form. As an Essayist, he was compelled to be very brief, and has been obliged to treat, in a general manner, what should have been minutely described; but he has not desired to challenge criticism. Conscious of the nature of the article—that it was never intended for publication—he has only to plead, as his excuse, the desire felt by him to catch and portray, ere they passed away forever, some of those glowing impressions, which only created by great sights and great events—only felt in the *abandon* and excitement of a Carnival itself—can, perhaps, present far more of the real coloring of this GREAT PICTURE than volumes of matter-of-fact description.

W. B. SULLIVAN.

TORONTO, C. W., Dec. 15, 1856.

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The Montreal Celebration.

An Essay delivered before The Toronto Literary and Debating Society, by Mr. WILLIAM BALDWIN SULLIVAN, Secretary, on the 4th of Dec., 1856, in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, and published by order of the Society.*

INTRODUCTION.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN.—In reading the present paper before the Society, I am not violating any of the purposes of its association.

The character of the age in which we live, moulds the nature and creates the spirit of our institutions.

This Society is the offspring of the liberal and enlightened character of this age, and proudly boasts of the variety of pursuits which form the elements of its existence. It excludes no profession, no occupation from its ranks, and in its title holds out no distinction of clan or class. Its researches and discussions are not confined solely to the study of the past,—they are not centuries behind the age. We turn our eyes chiefly on the wonderful page of the Present, and from experience form conjectures as to the Future.

In the spirit of the present I have composed it, and may its pages be truly prophetic of the future !

* Now "The Toronto Literary Association,"

History of the Railroad.

The history of the British Provinces in America, and more particularly of Canada, from the time of their discovery, has been characterized by a rising prosperity and steady growth, which only accompany the sure progress of a flourishing country toward national greatness.

The Provinces were far advanced in Laws, in Education, and in public works. They had but one complaint to make. Railways, those sources of prosperity, which then formed a network of communication over great Britain and over Europe, were here absent.

The bordering nation could boast of a system of railroads inferior to none. But the time was fast coming when our colonies, with their great extent of country; their long distances, rendered impassable to navigation during the protracted winters, and their vast regions of unexplored country, were to afford an encouragement to this species of enterprise unparalleled in the history of any new country.

The Montreal and New York Railway had been built. Then the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron had gone forth on its mission to develop the resources of the North. And last but not most extensive, the Great Western Railroad had traversed the regions of the West; all attended by unparalleled success; when rumors of the undertaking of another Canadian enterprise, of a more national character and a far more extended aim, began to have birth, and in 1852 the Grand Trunk Railway venture was fairly committed to stand its trial before the country. An undertaking of an entirely novel form, a highway intended to traverse a whole nation, it was embarked in by foreign capitalists as a speculation, and by the Canadian people and their Government for the sake of the real benefits to

be derived from its success. By the prospectus were offered many substantial and feasible advantages. Its existence promised to be the trunk and the branches through which the sap of prosperity would permeate to the remotest hamlet in the country—its success to be the surmounter of the last obstacle in the path of the permanent establishment of the long desired line of Canadian ocean steamers, and of the through traffic and travel from the far West, by Canadian railways and vessels, to the very place of destination. Winter, that season which threw a veil of desolation over Canadian fields and waters, whose approach was the signal for the closing of navigation and the laying up in safe harbors of the busy husbandmen of the lakes—the suspension of the duties of agriculturist and the activity of the soil, was forever to be divested of its dreariness and gloom. No longer was the circulation of commerce and travel to be arrested and enchained by the icy spell, the howling tempest or the heaping snow; henceforth, the irresistible genius of steam, by magic influence, was to dissolve the bonds of gloom and isolation. Far away from the ocean is heard the clang of enterprise, the advancing power of energetic man; up, up it comes, nearer and nearer, a path of iron is being laid down, never to be destroyed, over vales bridging, through hills cutting, every where subduing nature with unswerving force. It has passed. And away, away, to the far West is its path laid through the domains of the ancient forests, the old haunts of the deer and the red man—the beginning of a gigantic band which will ere long find its terminus in the waves of the broad Pacific, which will span a vast continent, and join ocean to ocean.

The trade, which was at this time carried on between

our Western country and the United States, in carrying our produce to English and other foreign markets, was the main element of the success of the Great Western Railway—a trade which fostered American Railways and commerce, while directly opposed to the encouragement of our own means of carriage and navigation. No sooner, therefore, was the commencement of the Grand Trunk scheme heralded to the world than a perfect storm of opposition concentrated from all quarters. It was very natural that those foreign capitalists whose interests were identified with those of the Great Western should desire to nip this enterprise in the bud; that Americans should desire their Railways to continue the recipients of the Western trade, now to be diverted by the Grand Trunk. Nor was it astonishing that citizens interested in maintaining the prosperity of that road which had planted its terminus in their centre, should regard with jealousy and dissatisfaction, that undertaking, however national or beneficial to their country, whose purpose was to divert the stream of traffic from their hands and past their doors.

These dangers past, difficulties more harassing and more crippling in their results arose. Money, when the road was first commenced, commanded but 2½ per cent. The late war arose and it became worth seven. This concurrence, unfortunate as unforeseen, could but render all preceding calculations erroneous, and threaten overthrow for the Company and Enterprise, and ruin for those connected with it; but the Company was composed of men of more than superficial means, and the contractors of world-wide reputation, and princely wealth. Now, thanks to the well-deserved confidence of the Canadian people it has reached a successful termination, and by governmental assistance become in some measure a pub-

lic undertaking, and thus entitled to renewed confidence from the shareholders and the public.

But now has the time come when prejudice and distrust should be hurled to the winds, and that narrow focus through which the men of Canada have been accustomed to regard an enterprise which, despite their obstacles, has risen up to enrich them, be immeasurably enlarged. They should look a little to the future and behold there the old trunk throwing out its branches, now budding, into their impenetrable forests, turning them into fields of golden corn, unsurpassed in the granaries; fertilizing their most dismal swamps; and carrying the emigrant, possessed of comforts and implements inferior to none, to extend their civilized dominion into unsettled regions. And they should consider with pride the position in which their country, but rising from its cradle, now stands, the possessor of the longest continuous railway enterprise in existence—of the Giant Bridge which will tower above all other like structures in the world.

The Montreal Celebration.

It was to greet the evidence of this new vitality in this country's youth—it was to recognise this new stride of progression, and to celebrate the junction, through its means, of the capital cities of Canada in the East and Canada in the West; that was the end, the aim, the object of the "Montreal Celebration." The citizens of Montreal, with this design, and determined to do all honor to the occasion, formed plans for its execution on a scale as grand in conception as ably sustained in every detail. They made preparations for a round of festivities to occupy two whole days, the twelfth and thir-

teenth of November 1856, which, devoted to continued rejoicings and amusements will henceforth be remarkable in the History of our Country.

Invitations were issued by the Committee appointed, to several thousands of people : citizens from all parts of the United States, and the British Provinces, accompanied, owing to the praiseworthy liberality of the Companies, with free passes over every necessary road—and every exertion made to provide accommodation for the expected increase to the population.

The Journey.

The dawning of the first day of the Festival week now draws near, and is the signal for the commencement of unrivalled excitement and animation in all the places which are to send forth their hundreds of representatives to the centre of attraction. In all American cities, far and wide, the hum of preparation resounds, a rattle from armies of conveyances, combined with the shrill whistles from a hundred trains ushers in the light. Stations are thronged, trains crowded to overflowing, and the sun rises upon thousands and thousands of animated faces, eager for a start upon a journey which was to be the preliminary of a prolonged season of carnival enjoyments, and only to find a conclusion in that moment which landed the returned travellers satiated with enjoyment upon the thresholds of their neglected homes.

And now while great masses are being hurried over distances, once formidable to travellers, in a fraction of former time, while far and wide on the vast net-work of railways, cars are groaning under unwonted burdens, and while the festive city is the centre of that circle of dis-

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stances, the goal of every traveller's aspirations, the growing hum of preparation there rising, like the rumbling of a volcano warns us of the eruption of rejoicings to follow. Hotels are hastening to open wide their doors, the crowded beds, the bustling waiters, and the savoury odours offer a cordial welcome. Every citizen, also, is preparing to extend to his home the infectious spirit of hospitality. Friends are expected and strangers to be housed, and high and low, far and wide, all are making ready for the celebration. The pastures are depopulated. The fruits of the field and the garden taxed in abundance ; and the bins of the sparkling champagne, the good old port, and the stout and ale are threatened with exhaustion. Business is suspended—every thought engrossed—and a whirl of distraction created in every brain, a disregard of the stern realities of life, glorious to behold in these days of selfishness and devotion to mammon.

But where are the guests? Hundreds have arrived; others are still on the road, and amongst the latter is a train which having left old Toronto as the first glimpses of an autumnal sun were gilding the spires and glittering roofs, is now winding its long serpentine form over the faithful iron road. Fifteen cars loaded with people have been hurrying with lightning speed over that one track from morning till night. Inside is a motley scene. Here and there groups from far off American cities vary the assemblage of Canadians. Here are people in all varieties of states and positions. Some party of young persons whose spirit of enjoyment has outlasted the length of the journey, enliven all around by their jokes and merry laugh; here some old gentleman whose drooping head, covered with a bandana, has succumbed to the fatigue of the journey; there a fair lady drinks in the words

of some gay Lothario—and perhaps a party of City Fathers may be seen laying down the law with a jolly emphasis to a crowd of wondering admirers. Every Station swells the crowd, and the slackening engines and the groaning cars testify to their increasing burthen. The dusk of twilight deepens into night, and the twinkling lamp is the signal for the merry song. The old Ottawa spanned by massive bridges has been left behind. St. Anns, passed with many an *evening song* ; and with a long shrill wail, disturbing the echoes of the clear frosty night, the train dashes up to the station—every object thrown into noonday light, by brilliant bonfires—and thundering cheers and a glittering arch welcome them to Montreal.

The host pours slowly forth and leaves the long extended train, the panting engine, and the faithful road, amid the patois and wild cries of the *habitans*, the slang of the Jehu and the brogue of the Emerald Isle ; and a broad river of conveyances, carriage upon carriage and cab upon cab, rolls through the arch of welcome and flowing into the city pass through every street. They are the last, and every habitation crowded and every hospitable couch pressed, the dark pall of sleep descends upon the city and shrouds the listless forms of ten thousand strangers in its oblivious folds.

First day.—Trades' Procession.

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.

And the celebration has begun, the vision of the future now belongs to the present, and anticipations will be surpassed by realities.

How the claims of Sloth are now renounced. Up spring the joyous crowd, and every house pours forth its in-

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mates, merry youth and age, to swell the carnival; and friend meets friend rejoicing, and coolnesses are lost in the general joy—what a varied picture they form! The sun streams down upon the bronzed form of manhood, lights up the rose upon the face of beauty and gleams upon the gay and varied trappings of the crowd. But hark! the strain of distant music steals upon the sense, the voice of a score of bands swells upon the ear, and a dense crowd blocking all the streets heaves in sight. The Trades' procession comes, nearly a league in length, so vast is its extent that the lapse of an hour had not sufficed to draw the last rank from the starting place. Let us take our stand at this corner and view the coming pageant. Looking up and down the street, every available foothold is thronged. All along, the windows are filled with gazers, and many a fine face and many a beautiful vision enchants the beholder. Here, perhaps, may be seen some beauty whose dark flashing eye and whose jet black curls tell of the old French origin. There you may view a fair faced blonde from the West, with blooming cheeks and azure depth of eye, who with her long golden ringlets waving in the wind, is singling out some favoured one below. But another flourish of brass instruments and another roll of the drums, and we discover appearing through the crowd the batons and the blue coats of the Police, the guardians of the city morals, their mounted leader heading that whole interminable train. The nodding tuft and waving feathers, the painted face, the curious garb and warlike tomakawk next proclaim the redman. There he walks, sad emblem of his race's desolation, gracing the triumph of industry and enterprise. Alas! that the tide of progression should carry in its train desolation for the grand old hunting grounds—extermination for the hunter.

Then come the Marshalls of the throng, then follow with clanging bell and rumbling wheels, the Engines, and rank after rank in crimson garb and flapping hats, come their attendants.

Agriculture and Horticulture your grateful fruits and useful crops do honor to that triumphal car; and your beautiful flowers, wreathing and twining round the osiers of the canopy, surpass all art.

Manufactures now fill the streets. The Organ, sacred instrument of the church and aisle; the Piano, devoted to music and the joyous dance, supplanter of the rebeck and the pipe. Then, India-Rubber Factors. Then, a whole establishment of the sons of Crispin, pegging away in good earnest. Then, candles sufficient to illuminate a nation. Soaps enough to purify the great unwashed. And raised on high, drawn by six fine horses, comes our old friend Steam, driving, puffing and hissing away, always working—never tired. We stay our wearied pen, but use our eyes to all that follows. Who can credit what he sees? Every trade in the universe, every manufacture in creation seems to pass before our astonished vision. Engines are made and massive machinery. Spikes and nails fly like chaff from the mill; and sleighs and carriages from under the maker's hand. And after each manufacture attends its trade, long ranks of mechanics' sons of toil, their strong frames and sinewy arms, clothed in their best, enjoying a holiday from labor. Then comes a car groaning under the weight of huge slaughtered animals,—huge quarters piled one upon another, and following after, mounted on fat, jolly, good-humored horses, came a troop of fat, round-faced Butchers—the most cavalier like of the whole.

Now for more music, more cymbals, and the rolling of

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drums. Now for broad banners waving proudly in the breeze ; and the New England Society, come to honor the celebration ; and the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and more proud waving banners ; the Board of Trade and the City Council, and long trains of schools ; and amid the retreating flags and dying sound of that score of bands away it winds along the streets, and passes from our view, carrying with it great crowding thousands in its path, and dragging behind it admirers of every class and age ; the ragged urchin, the tripping beauty, and the grey haired veteran.

Notre Dame Cathedral—Tower View.

The Banquet commences at 2 o'clock, and there is ample time for a tour among some of the most interest-sights of the city. Pursuing Notre Dame Street with its tall old buildings, frowning upon the narrow way beneath, crowding our way as best we can, and avoiding the stream of carriages filled with all the fashion of the land, we suddenly emerge upon the square of Notre Dame. To the north stands the Bank of Montreal, one of the finest buildings we have. Right opposite across the square, beyond the grass plot and the fountain, the Cathedral of Our Lady heaves, like some huge mammoth of old, its great back and shoulders high, conspicuous above the surrounding herd of roofs, and raises its twin towers unto the skies. Entering with the crowd, the eye dwells with surprise upon the lofty dome, the galleries rising one above the other ; and the dim religious light—the offspring of the heavy stained glass, and the many paintings, and the altars with their massive plate, transport the imagination to some of the old Continental Piles which, discolored by time, have long outlived the race that built

them. We ascend the towers, and from their summit the country for miles around spreads like a chart beneath our feet. Away to the north the black forest crowned mountain towers high above the city, which stretches to the East and West below. At its base stands the newly built reservoir. To the West many large manufactories, and the Locks of the great Canal dot the diorama, and just to the South majestically rolls the broad St. Lawrence, bordered by the Railway works at Point St. Charles, where the Station House and large workshop fitted up for the Banqueting Hall, are to be seen. There also lies the commencement of the Victoria Bridge, its huge unconnected piers reposing like slumbering Titans on the surface of the flood. Following the banks of the River a broad esplanade stretches to the Eastward, and distant mountains, looming blue in the distance of the south, complete the spectacle.

Banquet.

But the tide turns towards the Banquet, and we join in the race of cabs, and swell the gathering which is crushing towards the doors. The entrance gained, the astonished gaze is extended over a vast extent of building, with its great roof unsupported by a pillar, but resting upon massive oaken beams morticed and banded together as if the hand of giants had been there.

To the right, upon a dais, sits the Vice-gerent of Royalty, supported on either side by the Magnates of the land, the Commander of the Forces, and the Honorable John Ross, the President of the newly inaugurated Railway, together with several distinguished Americans. All around, the walls are adorned with banners,

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escutcheons, and emblems; and a chain of devices painted in gold, "perpetuate the immortal names of great men, great enterprises and great places. The body of the edifice is occupied by long avenues of tables, groaning with good cheer and whole vats of wine, stretching in their length almost to indistinctness. Half a league of human beings are seated here ready to do honor to the Banquet spread before them. Above them to the left, right opposite to the dais of the Governor, upon a raised gallery is placed a large band. At a signal, the glorious old air, "The Roast Beef of Old England" bursts forth; and the clatter of half ten thousand knives, and the hum of that vast concourse of voices proclaim the feast begun.

The claims of appetite are satisfied and the feast of reason now gains away, and like the sound of a clarion the voice of one man pours forth over that great assembly and through those massive walls, and like a monstrous echo, the mingled chorus of that enormous cosmopolitan assembly thunders out, peal after peal, our national anthem, and sends up such a great prayer to the Heavens as might have done honor to a god.

The toasts of the day are then, given out and prefaced by the Chairman, (the Mayor.) To that of the Queen, His Excellency the Governor General replies, and at the same time takes occasion in a spirited speech to remark upon the friendly relations existing between Canada and the States, concluding by proposing the health of their President. Senator Wilson, a fine old specimen of the American Statesman, in the same strain proposes prosperity to the people of the Canadas and success to the Government. To the toast of the American administration Col. Tache responded—and that of the American guests, one of the greatest sentiments of the day having been drunk, Ex-Gov-

ernor Kent, another American Statesman of deserved political eminence spoke in return, and expressed many sentiments of a liberal nature which did honor to his Country and himself. In his turn he proposed Canada and its prosperity, what it had done and is doing, but a preliminary to what it will do.

Judge Day having responded, the crowning toast of the celebration, The G. T. Railway is proposed, and as the band bursts forth in an interlude, our thoughts flash back to the great cause of the festivities. The Giant Enterprise now in the infancy of its existence, but waiting its christening to commence a career of which the youthful promise is great, whose manhood triumphant and successful, will call forth the grateful thanks of a rising nation. The events of whose old age are lost in the obscurity which veils the portentous future. And in connection with it rises the name of Francis Hincks, to whose master mind, as its originator and developer, this country should ever offer the grateful tribute of their remembrance and respect. The excitement having been subdued, the history of the road, its prospects, its difficulties, and its success, are explained in an able speech from the President, the Honourable John Ross, who is listened to with that breathless attention which the importance of his subject claims.

The Governor General and his suit retire. A few volunteer toasts conclude the proceedings; and as the last guest deserts the Hall, and the last wail of the band sighs forth, the spirit of the greatest Banquet of America is departed, and the fame of that day becomes chronicled in history. When the city is again reached, a blaze of illumination replaces the departed light, and fireworks on the mountain are the last attractions of the first day of the celebration.

Second Day.—The Excursion.

Again the bright beams of the same brilliant sun which shone on the first day of the celebration gladden the path of the excursionists on the last, and develope in their fullest light the Cyclopean Piers and huge masonry of the Victoria Bridge. There it lies, stone upon stone of tremendous size, piled to withstand the destroying shock of a savage winter's icy charge, a noble connection between the great highways of two countries; a monster enterprise, a conception before whose grandeur all other similar attempts, even the great bridge of Menai, dwindle into insignificance.

There is, indeed, ample ground for the bestowal of our unbounded admiration upon an intellect great enough to conceive this undertaking; and of the country, which only in its infancy, can bear the drain of millions upon its resources. To none but those who witness the extent of the bridge—the object to which it is to accomplish, can any idea of its vast size present itself; or of the grasp of mind necessary to conceive that one of the largest, deepest, and most rapid currents in the world, could be successfully spanned by the hand of man, in a locality where, to answer its purpose, a broad highway must be constructed which will cover, between bank and bank, nearly two miles of a rolling mass of water; and will be required, in the fierce winter of Lower Canada, to withstand that vast current converted into ice, which, when opposed, gathers itself up into huge mountains and sweeps all before it.

And this will be the filling up of the only break in that long chain of connection between the far West and the ocean, which though hitherto, during the season of navigation

connected by boat, was closed for months by the inclemency of the winter.

Water Works.—Fountain.

A visit to the newly constructed Water Works, where the power of the fierce rapids of Lachine has been subdued to the purpose of working the machinery which fills two immense reservoirs with a supply of water, abundant for all the present necessities of the city, and calculated to provide for the wants of an increasing population for many years to come, concludes the Excursion. The Inauguration of these Water Works takes place at the Hay Market, where a noble fountain awaits the signal to display its power. This ceremony, has been delayed to form one of the attractions of the Celebration, the Governor General and crowds of guests and citizens, on foot and in carriages fill the square; and as soon as human eloquence is exhausted, the Works are left to speak for themselves, and up, up, from their mouth-piece bursts a rising stream,—up it mounts beyond the tallest roofs, and a lofty crystal column bends its head to the breeze, and the rays of the bright sun form many a bow in its falling spray. Oh! that the rising cities of Canada would pause before the masses of brick and mortar and the withering influences of McAdam shall have crowded out all the traces of Nature—that they would reserve a few spots where the trees and the grass-plot, and the sparkling fountain might refresh our toiling spirits with a glimpse of the forest and the field.

The Review.

But what sounds call us eastward? The claims of war as well of peace demand our attention, and the *Champs de Mars* is now visited by the restless masses. There, mounted on a war horse, surrounded by his staff, is gen

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eral Eyre, from whose fine features the Crimean bronze has not yet departed. Hurrah! for the banner honored by the immortal names, Alma, Balaclava, Inkermann, Sebastopol—floating proudly over the heads of the gallant men who bore it safely through those fearful times. There, side by side with veterans, stand the youthful pride of Montreal—the Rifles—and thunder after thunder of musketry and the exulting shout once sent out before Sebastopol accompany the charging lines and sustain the mimic fight. The bristling square—the long files of glittering arms have dazzled the unaccustomed eye, and this bloodless vision of the battle field has deployed from our sight—like some old Moorish vision of enchantment, leaving not a trace of blood or death behind.

The Ball.

We have only to describe the Ball and our task is done. It will be given in the City Hall,—and the whole suite of rooms, the Council Chamber, and offices, will be thrown open for the occasion. The addition of ladies will swell those who filled the Banquet Hall into a formidable crowd. At a very early hour the current of guests sets in towards the entrance. Ascending a staircase, decorated with evergreens, we enter a long hall where the full blast of a Band inoculates us with the spirit of the dance. Passing the length of this corridor, on either side of which are the Dressing and Refreshment Rooms, the Council Chamber, carpeted with crimson and surrounded with seats, forms a capacious ante-room. Here another Band, unheard by or unhearing the former, is performing. We next pass into the circular apartment—under the dome—where a Fountain relieves the eye and cools the air, while coloured lamps surround the base of the gallery above. Surprised at the length of space we have tra-

versed, the Ball-room, now blazing with light, next invites our entrance,—a long spacious hall, with a vaulted roof, all beautiful in fresco, on any other occasion vast, it now becomes insignificant from the concourse which fills every seat and is wedged into every foot of standing room. To the right, half way down is a raised platform, carpeted with crimson and surrounded by a curtained canopy, intended for the Governor General and Suite. One Orchestra occupies the raised gallery which stands directly opposite, and at the lower end a similar balcony contains the Portland Band, who, on the Governor's entrance join the Orchestra in the "National Anthem." At the end of the hall are two doors, by the left of which ingress is had to, and by the right egress from, the Supper-room, which lies beyond.

Thick as is the press within, it is as dense below. Outside, up and down the streets, a couple of thousand guests are now clamoring in vain for admittance, and are forced to seek in other Halls the music and the dance here denied them. But how describe the Ball. Here are the usual characteristics of every Ball. There is the same undulating expanse of forms moving to the music like the waves of the Ocean to the wind—the same glittering jewellery sparkling in the blaze of the lamps like the sea foam in the sun—the rich dresses, the graceful forms and all the styles of beauty varied as the flowers that adorn the fields; but all on a scale as much grander than the elements of other Balls as the broad Atlantic than our lakes. Why stay longer in describing the staid formality of the venerable quadrille? Why hurry away with all that throng in the mad course of the galope? Why become intoxicated in the floating circlings of the mazy waltz? Like all other balls it has its termination, and as the last step of the old "Sir

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Roger" has concluded the catalogue of dances, and we turn to take a lingering look at the deserted Hall, the melancholy lines of Byron are all that are required to finish this concluding scene of the Celebration.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest ;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustomed couch must creep
Where joy subsides and sorrow sighs to sleep.

Conclusion.

For days the crowd are busy leaving the city, borne away to their homes by the proud Railroad, safe and unhurt, rejoicing in the absence of all accident, exulting in the success for the great enterprize. And when we have shaken off the fatigue of our homeward journey, and become reconciled to the exchange of the bustle and excitement of a carnival for our old business habits and the soberer pleasures of our home, what speculations must engross our minds upon the nature of the age in which we live—the age of inventions and improvements—what shall we the favored few of all who have been mingled with the dust for long ages past—next see

We may hope that the same brilliant effulgence of Literature, Science, and Art—the same extension of education—the same cultivation and civilization which has existed in Europe—may now follow to this country, encouraged by this giant stride in the march of progress; and that as time will soon be annihilated by the electric band which will make the old world and the new throb with one pulsation, that our country Canada may become a second Europe. That it, too, may have its capitals, its ports, its army and its navy; and that it may occupy a position in history—a niche in the temple of fame—as high and as honorable as that which has been occupied by any nation of the Past.

FINIS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

There have been many public as well as private demonstrations of the same fact; but one of the most interesting and gratifying of them all, is the delivery of a "Lecture upon the Montreal Celebration, before the Toronto Literary and Debating Society, by the Secretary, Mr. William Baldwin Sullivan, in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, and published by order of the Society." Mr. Sullivan, with what we must think a happy, as well as a kindly conception, selected a subject somewhat out of the ordinary topics of lectures to literary and scientific bodies; but which was not the less adapted, on account of its novelty to interest his hearers, and he did it justice. Beginning at the beginning, Mr. Sullivan has gone over all the preparations for the Celebration, both by the entertainers and the entertained; has given a full account of the trials of delicate ladies coming hundreds of miles in crowded cars for the sake of the dance, and of jolly aldermen, whose night caps were left at home, while they proceeded to Montreal to greet their brother dignitaries. From the cars, the lecturer carried his hearers to the, for that once, not too-comfortable hotels, and private lodgings, which the hospitality of our citizens had provided for their guests; then to the procession; the dinner; the water works; the ball; and the return home, and throughout the agreeable style of the composition keeps up the attention of the reader as it, no doubt, did of the listener. In speaking of the festival as one which chiefly concerned Montreal, Mr. Sullivan properly remembers that it is really indicative of the progress made by the entire country. Hence the graceful acknowledgement of hospitality is throughout coupled with general congratulation. We repeat, that we have seen nothing more agreeable to our feelings than this lecture of Mr. Sullivan's. It tends more than anything else to prove that the different sections of Canada have only to know one another to forget all asperities, and to feel that, far from gaining in each others loss, there is a mutual bond which unites us, so that no part of the country can improve without all the rest sharing in the benefit.

(From the Toronto Times.)

Our promising young friend, Mr. William B. Sullivan, has, in some sort, anticipated our Montreal friends, and lately delivered, at the Toronto Literary Association, a very able and comprehensive Essay upon this subject, which we are glad to here is about to be reproduced in a Pamphlet form.

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The Toronto Literary Association,

(Late the Toronto Literary and Debating Society.)

"Scire volunt omnes."

INSTITUTED A. D., 1853.

FOR THE

CULTIVATION OF LITERATURE AND PUBLIC SPEAKING

The Association's Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Institute Hall, weekly, on every Thursday during the Winter Season, from 1st November to 1st June; and during the Summer, from 1st June to 1st November, monthly, on the first Thursday in the Month. Public Meetings are each fourth-weekly meeting and each second monthly meeting. The hour of Meeting, in all cases, 7 o'clock P. M.

The present number of Members is, Honorary and Ordinary, 139 — Corresponding 30.

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